

The American Citizen.

VOL. XVI.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, OCTOBER 8, 1865.

NO. 80.

Professional Cards.

S. F. ALFORD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CANTON, MISS.
GENERAL Agent for the purchase and sale of Real Estate and the Hiring of Freedmen; will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business entrusted to his care in Madison and the adjoining counties.
Office in the new building near the Post office.
Aug. 20-1y.

FRANKLIN SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANTON, MISS.
Always to be found at his office.
One door North of the Pearce House, up stairs.
Feb. 3, 1865.

NOTICE.
DR. C. NELSON,
RESIDENT SURGEON DENTIST,
CANTON, MISS.
HAS just received a fresh supply of material from his former partner Dr. Knapp, of New Orleans, and is now prepared to operate in all branches of his profession, in the best style and on very reasonable terms.
His Rooms and office at Mrs. Reese's, one door south of the Methodist Church.
August 10-74.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. FORBES FILLIOT,
FORMERLY OF JACKSON, Miss.,
who has shared the fortunes of the South in her great struggle, takes pleasure in notifying his many patrons that he is now prepared to operate in EVERY BRANCH OF HIS PROFESSION.
Children's teeth adjusted and deformity remedied.
Fitting work of the latest style executed.
Operating room over Orrick & Landers' Drug Store, opposite the Daguerrean room.
Aug. 27.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING.
WAGON AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.
All work warranted. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited.
On the street leading to the Railroad Depot.
Sept. 16, '65.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.,
REPAIRED BY
T. R. CLARK,
WHO would respectfully state to the citizens of Madison and adjoining counties, that he is now permanently located at the drug store of Orrick & Landers, where he will take great pleasure in serving the old customers of the house, as well as all others who will favor him with their patronage. Having worked at the business in Yazoo City for seven years, previous to the war, he is satisfied that he can, and is determined that he will, give entire satisfaction.
He would also state that he has the advantage of some of the finest Burglar and Fire-Proof Safes in the city, in which to keep his watches. All work warranted.
Sept. 15.

R. Y. SEATER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
WOULD respectfully inform his old friends and customers, and the public generally, that he has removed from Sharon and is now located in Canton, where he will continue the Merchant Tailoring Business.
In all its various branches. Having an experience of nearly thirty years, he feels confident of his ability to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage—a liberal share of which he solicits from the public.
Having resided and carried on business in Sharon for many years, respectfully refers to the citizens of that place and vicinity.
His shop is in the Masonic Hall building, second story, over Dancy & Mourman's.
Aug. 27, 1865.

T. H. THOMPSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
I WOULD respectfully inform my old patrons, and the public generally, that, having dissolved my connection with P. P. Willson, I have established a shop of my own in one of the offices below Couch's old stand, on "Red Row," and am prepared to make suits on the shortest possible notice. All garments cut by me warranted to fit.
RATES:
Cutting Coats.....50 cts.
" Pants.....25 "
" Vests.....25 "
WANTED.—Three journeymen Tailors, apply immediately to T. H. Thompson at this shop.
Higher wages paid than at any other shop in the city.
Sept. 14.

P. P. WILLSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
KEEPS constantly on hand a fine assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
FANCY GOODS AND
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
We will make a suit of cloth in 15 or 24 hours, in the latest and most approved style.
Establishment East side of the Square, next door to Gen. Topper's office.
Sept. 7.

SADDLES AND HARNESS
FOR SALE and made to order. A good supply will be kept on hand and sold cheap for CASH or GOOD CLEAN WOOL.
My best endeavors will be made to suit customers.
Aug. 2-1y
WM. BEATY.

15,000 FINE CIGARS, just received and for sale by
T. J. RICHARDS.
25 BLS. FINE BROWN SUGAR, just received and for sale by
T. J. RICHARDS.
15 BLS. FINE CRUSHED SUGAR, just received and for sale by
T. J. RICHARDS.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

Chicago is evidently destined to become the great centre of literary culture and eminence on this continent. Vast as has been her material progress, she already far surpasses that in

"The power of Thought—the magic of Mind." The first number of a new journal, the title of which we have placed at the head of this notice, and which we received this morning, has brought this conviction to our mind with irresistible force; and as we wish to do all in our power to advance the enjoyments and advantages of our readers, we ask their immediate and most earnest attention to this most wonderful candidate for their favors. We assure them they ought not to lose a moment in giving it. Purity of diction, chasteness of style, charitableness in views, scrupulous truthfulness in narration, freedom from bigotry, modesty in assertion, rhetorical beauty, and clearness of logic, cannot but charm our readers as they do us, and wherever they find them; they will assuredly patronize them, for their own sakes. It is to give them an opportunity of deciding whether they will refuse to do so in the case of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" or not, that we hasten to illustrate its beauties to them.

It would, doubtless, be a great shock to the conductors of this transcendently excellent undertaking to find anywhere taste that would as soon read the *Nation* or *Police Gazette*, or *Life in Boston*, or any of the filthy "yellow-covered literature"; and we trust that it will not be found among the readers of the *Star*. We cannot believe it will, although we are too well known that such is the strange composition of the human mind, that it is even possible, if there were a compulsion to choose, not a few might prefer the latter kind of reading. Happily, there is not likely to be any compulsion, however; and we trust that if, notwithstanding our exalted admiration and unfeigned admiration of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, they should not like it, they will find some better substitute than either of those we have graciously suggested. And so, in support of what we have said, we submit to their consideration the following copy of a letter from this city, which appears in this journal, under the heading "Randolph's Letters—No. 1," and signed "P. B. R." *Ex pede Herculem*: this is a fair sample of the whole:

New Orleans, where at present I am teaching negro children, is a remarkable place, with considerable land to the acre—if not a great deal more. The city is reputed the warmest on the continent; probably because of its asserted proximity to H—; yes, the nameless place, the bottom of which, I believe, fell out by reason of many very hard "raps" some years ago.
Some people assert that the place is noted for ignorance, which is a great mistake, for I have seen several people who knew what day of the month the fourth of July came on, and two more who heard of Jesus Christ.
There is good pasturage in the streets of this city, for secession put a dead stop to every kind of business, except whisky drinking and passing counterfeit currency. Southern fire is just beginning to cool down under the influence of the right—and market bulls; and in its place we already begin to see signs of returning prosperity and common sense, and we feel the air of the good time already on the Day, and the rush of coming commerce on the shoulders of the Night.
Of course, in the hot-bed of materialism and Papacy you can expect nothing much in the spiritual line, for the nineteenth century hasn't got along here yet; still there are a few honest believers and earnest workers, whom I could, but need not name. Circles are constantly held here, but they don't amount to anything more than keeping up the interest—they smoulder in the straw, that will blaze out one of these days and astonish the natives. Slow to move in new paths, this people will, when they start, as they must, advance rapidly. But, at present, they are like hogs on ice—in a scattering condition. Much of their inharmonious results from the prevalence of three languages—English, gabo-French and mongrel Italian, all of which is vocalizing into national tongue. Catholicism reigns triumphant yet, but the signs are afloat, and down it must come before long. Polygamy abounds; that men have honest wives and keep quadroon mistresses; one result of which is, that it's hard to tell a white man unless he hails from up river, for the negro blood is nearly bleached out of tens of thousands here. At present we are under traitor rule, soon to be supplanted, I hope, by loyal government. I came here last November under a deep, powerful, and holy influence. I do not boast of what I have done, but just ask Major Plumley, General Banks, or Chief Justice Chase, or the hundreds I have taught to read—and think.
THERE!!!

Thomas J. Brown, son-in-law to General Gideon J. Pillow, and late a conscript officer in the Confederate service, has been pardoned by the President. A fine farm in Giles County, Tennessee, which had been seized for confiscation, has been returned to him.

GEORGIA.

The Columbus *Sun* says about 2000 persons have taken the oath in that city up to the 10th inst.

Mr. Bob Forsyth and John Pride got into a difficulty at Columbus on the afternoon of the 9th instant, in which the former was severely but not dangerously cut with a bowie knife in the hands of the latter.

The *Constitutionalist* says of Atlanta, that the town is a bewildering chaos of tumbled-down brick walls, newly set up frame shanties, white tents, piles of lumber and stone, heaps of newly-arrived merchandise, hurrying, eager crowds of people, with here and there, more mournful by contrast, some imposing edifice and heaven-ascending church spire. But "resurgam" is written upon the frontals of the Gate City. Her people are enterprising, thrifty and indomitable.

The same paper says that after leaving that city, going towards Tennessee, for more than a hundred miles there are rifle pits and earth works every fifty yards. Desolation broods over the whole scene. The country has not yet put on the garb of peace, but sits like Niobe
—"voiceless and tearless
In her childless woe."

No fences, no houses, no smiling crops. Here is once beautiful Marietta, all disfigured by the smiting hand of war. Yonder stands Kennesaw mountain, its once blooming front all scarred and seared with earth works—and holding at her base licentiousness of slain. We turn in pain, and vainly, from these sad pictures to find some relief.

What a terrible commentary upon the fierceness and protractedness of the campaign of Johnston and Sherman—is the face of the whole country. How bitter the contest—how terrific the struggle, that inch by inch and step by step was waged for more than a hundred miles through these once peaceful valleys and pleasant plains!

Here and there you can observe occasional evidences of the revival of trade, and notice an unfrequent plough; but this is the exception, not the rule. It seems impossible for those once thriving, hard-working and prosperous North Georgians to recover from the stupefying, blighting, effects of war.

There is a population in and on the suburbs of this city whose condition is such as to enlist the sympathies of all good people, and for whom something should be done. It consists of families who have been stripped of everything, and whose male members went into the war and have never returned. On the blackened ruins of their once happy homes, under sheds and tents that furnish but little protection from the stern, they simply exist, and such an existence is—*Atlanta Intelligencer*.

WONDERFUL UMBRELLA.—A French paper gives a two-column description of a new umbrella, the cover of which, instead of the texture of Robinson Crusoe's of alpacas, or of silk, is the last material any one would guess—namely the rain itself. It says: Those who were passing between two and three o'clock on the road between Sordres and Perouse, noticed a person who attracted universal attention. The rain was pouring down in torrents. He held a cane about ten inches above his head. The rain falling on this magic wand, spread out in the form of an umbrella, under which Mr. Druley, the inventor, walked perfectly sheltered from even a single drop of water. A new application of electricity is said to be the cause of this wonderful effect.

The university regulations in Russia do not admit females as students; but a Mlle K—, who had a great desire to study medicine, some time since applied to the authorities, at Orenburg, for permission to follow the medical course, stating that she intended to devote her acquirements to the service of the Cossacks, who have a superstitious objection to being treated by men, and always have recourse to ignorant old women instead. The young lady's proposal was accepted, and the Cossack regiment of Orenburg granted her an allowance of twenty-eight roubles per month. Mlle. K— passed her examination in May last, for first half of her course of study, as well as, if not better than, any of the male students; and the same regiment has since sent her a present of three hundred roubles as an encouragement.

It has already been announced in the American newspapers that the Brey of Tuis has sent a special envoy to the President of the United States, to congratulate him on the success of the war for the Union and the return of peace. The deputation is now its way.

Flags were hoisted on the public buildings in New York on Thursday, in commemoration of the capture of the city of Mexico by Gen. Scott.

An Irishman being asked in court for his marriage certificate, showed a big scar on his head, about the shape of a shovel, which was satisfactory.

TWELVE GOLDEN MAXIMS.

The following extracts are taken from a little work, entitled "Miscellaneous, or Choice Observations and Pleasant Remarks on the Virtues, Vices and Humors of Mankind, both Moral and Divine. Second Edition; J. H." The initials J. H. are those of John Hall, Bishop of Norwich, who died anno domini 1659, at 82. There is much in it for reflection:

1.—ON DRESS.

In thy apparel avoid profuseness, singularity and gaudiness; let it be decent, and suited to the quality of thy place and purse. Too much punctuality and too much morosity, are the extremes of price. Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it. What custom hath civilized hath become decent; until then it was ridiculous. Where the eye is the jury, thy apparel is the evidence; the body is the shell of the soul, apparel is the husk of that shell; and the husk will often tell you what the kernel is. Seldom doth solid wisdom dwell upon fantastic apparel; neither will the pantaloon fancy to be immersed within the walls of grave habit. The fool is known by his pied coat.

2.—ON CONVERSATION.

Clothe not thy language either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, and the other too much lightness; he that speaks from the understanding to the understanding does best. Know when to speak, lest while thou showest wisdom in not speaking thou betray thy folly in too long silence. If thou art a fool thy silence is wisdom; but if thou art wise thy long silence is folly. As too many words from a fool's mouth give one that is wise no room to speak, so too long silence in one that is wise gives a fool opportunity of speaking, and makes thee in the same measure guilty of his folly. To conclude, if thou be not wise enough to speak, be at least so wise as to hold thy peace.

3.—ON BEARING ADVERSITY.

Has fortune dealt thee ill cards, let wisdom make thee a good gamester. In a fair gale every fool may sail, but wise behavior in a storm commends the wisdom of a pilot. To bear adversity with an equal mind is both sign and glory of a brave spirit. As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth thou hast lost some trouble with it; if thou art degraded of thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy; if sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set thy allowance against thy loss, and thou shalt find no great loss. He loveth little or nothing who keepeth the favor of his God, and the peace and freedom of his good conscience.

4.—ON ANGER.

Beware of him that is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long coming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept. Altered patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion, but when judgment is the ground, the memory is the recorder, and this passion is long retained.

5.—ON SECRET ENEMIES.

He that professeth himself thy open enemy arrayeth thee against the evils he means thee; but he that dissembles himself thy friend, when he is thy secret enemy, striketh beyond caution, and wounds above cure. From the first thou mayest deliver thyself, from the last, good Lord deliver thee.

6.—ON LAW AND PHYSIC.

If thou study law or physic, endeavor to know both, and to need neither. Temperate diet, moderate and reasonable labor, rest and recreation, with God's blessing, will save the physician; and a peaceful disposition, prudent and just behavior will secure thee from the law. Yet, if necessity absolutely compel, thou may'st use both, they that use either otherwise than for necessity, soon abuse themselves in weak bodies and light purses.

7.—ON INCONSISTENCY.

Be not unstable in thy resolutions, nor various in thy actions, nor inconsistent in thy affections. So deliberate that thou may'st perform; so perform that thou may'st preserve: Mutability is the badge of infirmity.

8.—CHARITY ALLEGORIZED.

Charity is a naked child giving honey to a bee without wings. Naked, because excoiless and simple; a child, because tender and growing; giving honey, because pleasant and comfortable; to a bee, because a bee is industrious and deserving; without wings, because wanting and helpless. If thou deniest to such thou killest a bee; if thou givest to other than such thou preservest a drone.

9.—ON DIET AND REGIMEN.

If thou desirest to take the best advantage of thyself, especially in matters where fancy is most employed, keep temperate diet, use moderate exercise, observe reasonable and set hours for rest, and let the end of thy first sleep raise thee from thy repose; then bath thy body the best temper; thy soul the least incumbrance;

then no noise shall disturb thine ear, no object shall divert thine eye; then, if ever, shall thy sprightly fancy transport thee beyond the common pitch, and show the magazine of high invention.

10.—HOW TO USE PROSPERITY.

So use prosperity that adversity may not abuse thee. If in prosperity thy security admits no fear, in adversity thy despair will afford no hope; let that in prosperity can foretell a danger can in adversity force deliverance.

11.—ON BELIEVING AND COMMUNICATING NEWS.

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest, be the least part of what thou believest; let the greatest part of what thou believest, be the least part of what is true; and report nothing for truth, in earnest or in jest, unless thou know it, or at least confidently believe it to be so; neither is it expedient at all times, or in all companies, to report what thou knowest to be true; sometimes it may avail thee if thou seem not to know, that which thou knowest. Has thou any secret, commit it not to many, nor to any, unless well known unto thee.

12.—ON CONDUCT TOWARDS A FRIEND.

Has thou a friend, use him friendly; abuse him not in jest or in earnest; conceal his infirmities; privately reprove his errors. Commit thy secrets to him, yet with caution, lest thy friend become thy enemy and abuse thee.

"Journal of Civilization."

From the New York Herald.

The Harpers are very respectable printers, four of them in a row, and all very pious—so pious that when they go in at the gate of heaven Mary Magdalen will fall down and worship them. They have money, and can buy an indifferent kind of art and a species of wit and watery intellect, and these they use in the publication of a "Journal of Civilization." By this they mean nigger civilization. That they propose to uphold and develop at any and every expense to the country. Pretending to care for the national credit, they would double the national debt rather than give every nigger a note; ridiculing the notion that they are Jacobins, they would carry the country to any extreme of political anarchy rather than give up their little idea. That is, they care not a pin for white civilization, for the tranquility or political welfare of the country, whenever the national tranquility and welfare are put in comparison with the all-important topic of nigger suffrage.

The Journal of civilization declares that there are no fixed rules of political right and justice that we are bound to observe except those that apply to the nigger. Nigger suffrage is definite; everything "depends upon circumstances." It says that the President has no policy, and that therefore there is no party opposed to his policy and no Jacobinism, and in the next breath it indicates that it holds the very policy that we have denounced as Jacobinism and intends to resist the settlement and pacification of the country by every factious means if that settlement does not crush the Southern white man of out existence and put the nigger in his place. We have not waged war to put down rebellion and re-establish peace in the Southern States, but to put down the white man and set up the nigger; not to abolish slavery, but to abolish the slaveholder; not to wipe out the political errors of a people, but to wipe out the whole vast society that held those errors, unless that society will go down on its knees and humble itself before the radicals in general, and these four pious printers in particular. These are the views of the Journal of Civilization. It is curious to observe the accompaniments that this kind of civilization has on the other pages. One of the illustrations of this same issue includes a view in a Broadway concert saloon, and another in an elegant bachelorette in which the women rival one another in the display of their charms—the very class of pictures that is most demoralizing in the yellow covered literature—the very prints that in their yellow covers might move the lofty indignation of the four pious printers all in a row.

A good story is told of a country Methodist, at whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who, when bed time came, and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good book, with the naive remark, "I didn't know I was so near out of Bibles."

An unsophisticated countryman the other day, saw a military officer, followed at a respectable distance by two orderlies, in full gallop. "Goodness gracious!" said he, "haven't they caught him yet? I was here about three weeks ago and they was a runnin' after him then."

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Fitz Henry Warren, of Iowa, has been appointed resident minister to Guatemala.